

THE
Old Woman's DUNCIAD:

WITH
NOTES

BY

Margelina Scribelinda Macularia.
(*D^r Kenrick*)

The THIRD EDITION.



L O N D O N:

Printed for THEO. CARNAN, and sold by F. STAMPER, in
Pope's Head Alley, Cornhill. MDCCLI.

Price One Shilling.

(1)



P R E F A C E,

B Y

Margelina Scribelinda Macularia.

AS there are so many Impostors and Imitators Abroad, it is highly requisite the Public should be satisfied, that this is the true and genuine *Dunciad* of Mrs. *Mary Midnight*; to which End I have wrote this short Preface. The Reader, therefore, is desir'd to attend to me with a little Patience, before he enters upon this great and wonderful Work. The extensive Fame our Author has gain'd, by her *learned Lucubrations*, in all the *Courts* and *Universities* in *Europe*, has excited many (who have, by some Means or other, met with some of her Fragments) to vend among them their Heaps of Trash in her Name; but it is hop'd the World will do her the Justice, to think she is not the Author of such poor paultry, wishy, washy, shim-sham Performances.

To reward, among many others, the Authors of such Proceedings in a Manner due to their Deserts, Mrs. *Midnight* has design'd and executed this Work; but, as an Affair of so much Consequence could not but get Air in the World, several of these, who were conscious of their Guilt, applied to her to *be excus'd a Place*; or, in other Words, *to be left out* of her *Dunciad*: Among which came the celebrated *Pentweazle*, and meanly offer'd her *five Guineas* in part, on Subscription to her Miscellany of Poems, to be publish'd some Time in *February* next. But Mrs. *Midnight* being above any mercenary View, was deaf to all Overtures, however considerable, of this kind: Upon which, with their usual Assurance, her Enemies advertis'd even this intended Work, *the Old Woman's Dunciad*, in her's and in my Name, intending to impose some Trumpery or other on the World, before this Poem could appear; and, with the most consummate Impudence, put out Advertisements against the fictitious

Imitators

P R E F A C E.

Imitators of Mrs. *Midnight's* Works, to out-face, if possible, the very Truth itself. But we have, thro' a surprising Quickness of Genius, peculiar to our Author, anticipated their Designs, to their utter Confusion: Since the World will, by reading the following Work, be convinc'd of the genuine and elevated Spirit of Mrs. *Midnight*, and will not, for the future, be so easily impos'd on. I shall just add a Word or two on our Author's Character in general, and on this Work in particular. As to Mrs. *Midnight's* Reputation as an Author, notwithstanding she has made herself known but lately under that Name, yet it has been very extensive, under the more general one of *Old Woman*; she having had the principal Hand in most of the Performances that have been wrote within these few Years past; all which have been infallibly known by the Critics, who upon Perusal of them, have immediately laid them down, and crying out, *the Author's an Old Woman*; intimating thereby their Knowledge of her Works, and her establish'd Reputation that rais'd them above Criticism. As to this Poem in particular, the Publick can never enough acknowledge the Obligations they owe her, in these Improvements of our Language; which, however, fall vastly short of what she purposes to do, having selected several thousands of the most curious and copious in the **Gomerian* or *Welch* Tongue, which will far exceed any Embellishment whatsoever drawn from the *Greek* or *Latin*.

MARGELINA SCRIBELINDA MACULARIA..

* See Eulogium on the *Welch* Tongue. *Cambria* Book II. Line 20.

T H E

T H E

Old Woman's DUNCIAD.

O Thou, whatever Title to thine Ear,
 Whether *Tom Jones*, *Joe Andrews*, or what not,
 Sound pleasing: thou, to my aspiring Song
 Indulgent smile, while to high *Pindus Top*,

* INTERPRETATION.

*O thou, whatever Name sound easy,
 Jones, Andrews, or what else may please you;
 Do thou look pleasant on my Rhime.
 While Pindus' Top, high Top! I climb.*

A N N O T A T I O N S.

Line 1. *O thou, &c.*] Our judicious and learned Author, Mrs. *Midnight* seems, at first setting out, to give us an Instance, that she knows what she is about, by this Imitation of the great Satyrift Mr. *Pope*; in whose *Dunciad* are the following Lines address'd to *Swift*, as are the above to *Fielding*.

*O thou whatever Title please thine Ear,
 Swift, Drapier, Bickerstaff, or Gulliver.*

* The Reader will no doubt much approve this Design of Printing the Interpretation to this Work, for the Sake of the Herd of Readers, who are void of a Taste for the Sublime, tho' it was for a much greater End, which our celebrated Author intended it, and this was the extensive Utility it would be of in our Academies, and in particular to the Students of our two *Universities*; as she was very sensible this Work would be, as now being published it is, esteem'd

Apex excelsè! I volitate, nor frown
 Elenthical. Of Dunces, and the Tribe
 Of Nose-obefate, atramental Sons
 I sing: nor PHOEBUS call, but to my Aid
 Invoke MELPOMENE, of all the nine
 My chief, best Patron; and THALIA, thou, 10
 Haste thee from *Avon's* Banks, nor cull more Flow'rs
 For *Shakespear's* Wreath: but help t' assist my Flight;

INTERPRETATION.

Of Dunces, which the Verse supposes
 The Sons of Ink with snotty Noses,
 I sing: nor call our Rhyming Domine,
 But beg my fav'rite Wench MELPOMENE
 (My surest Friend of all the Nine)
 To lend a Hand to this Design.
*And leave, thou, Thaly, Avon's Shore
 Nor Rosemary cull for Shakespear more*

ANNOTATIONS.

teen'd *Classical*; and as such be put on the same footing with *Homer, Virgil, Ovid, &c.* and be taught as a Pattern of Language in all the distinguish'd Schools in *Europe. Martina Scribelinda Macularia.*

Line 5. *Apex excelsè!—high Top!*] We never can enough admire this Instance of the superexcellent Beauty of Expression, made use of by our modern Poets; in endeavouring to make our Tongue so nearly resemble that truly noble and elevated Language the Latin. *Martina Scribelinda Macularia.*

Line 7. *Of Nose obefate—snotty Noses*] This Epithet, which, as a compound one, is not a little to be commended, is yet more admirable, as it has its Derivation from the *Latin*; in which Language a judicious and witty Man is signified by a Man with his *Nose*

wip'd; and a Blockhead by a Fellow with a nasty or fat *Nose*, according to our vulgar Phrase a *snotty* one. *Martina Scribelinda Macularia.*

Line 11. *Cull more Flowers—nor Rosemary cull*] The Text is here extremely well express'd in the Interpretation, as the so often repeated Thought of the Muses gathering Flowers upon the Banks of the River *Avon*, for *Shakespear*, can certainly mean no more than the old fashioned Custom of gathering Rosemary for the Dead.—The Reader may find the above Thought in the *Pleasures of Imagination*, also in a late Piece called the *Resciad* and many others; whose Merit is a sufficient Reason, I suppose, for its being inserted here.

For

For high on Pegasean Wing, I mean
 To soar velocitate. O swifter far
 Than fleet the winged Atoms in the Air,
When Auster its Euroclydon dilates :
 Or when pervading Night excessive pours
 The Twilight dun ; with archimagic Art,
 (A thrice repeated Charm by *Hecate* taught !)
 The Dame venefic, on a Virgult borne,
 Or courser stramentitious, Æther Wings.

15

20

INTERPRETATION.

*But help my Trot around Parnassus,
 Swift on your ambling Nag Pegasus,
 Swifter than scamper Snow or Sleet,
 When Seaman's Plague drives on the Fleet.
 Or when at Night, by Magic wrought,
 Of three times three by Hecate taught,
 Witches on Wisps of Straw their Bums stick,
 Or ride like Devils astride a Broom-stick.*

ANNOTATIONS.

Line 16. *When Auster its Euroclydon dilates*] Mrs. *Midnight* is here openly indebted to the Author of the *Rosciad*, Line 58. We have before observed the Beauty of *Latinizing* our Language, we have in this Line a happy Instance of both *Greek* and *Latin*, without the least Variation in the Idiom, becoming easy and flowing English, very intelligible to the meanest Reader, and notwithstanding

the Herd of Critics of low Taste, inveigh bitterly against this Practice, and call it a bastardiz'd Innovation of Dialect, I advise all, who would make any Figure in these Days, to lug in by the Ears all Manner of uncommon Phrases and Epithets they can lay hold of, and subject them to their own Use as lawful Prizes. *Margelina Scribelinda Macularia.*

Thanks to the Power of Verse! lo! now I soar
 And lo! the House of Dullness is in view
 See tow'ring *Paul's* ecclesiastic Dome
 Its Head rears altitudinate: O far
 The meaner emulating Tribe above
 Of Spires parochial: so fam'd *Cambria's* Hills
 Like *Alps* on *Alps*, *Pelion* o'er *Ossa* pil'd

25

INTERPRETATION.

*G--d bless the Muse—I thank her now
 I mount and Dullness' Cellar view.
 Look where the Church of great St. Paul
 Rears up its lofty Head so tall,
 Above the Parish Churches all.
 So notified Welch Mountains high,
 Rear up their Heads above the Sky.
 Alps, Alps, and Pelion Ossa pile,
 The Lord knows how many hundred Mile;*

ANNOTATIONS.

Line 26. *The meaner emulating Tribe above.*] I cannot think Mrs. *Midnight* the Author of that surprizing Beauty in this Line, by the Position of the Preposition *above*, it seeming to me, that she has borrowed the Hint from the celebrated Dr. *Young*, whose Elegances of that Kind are numerous; he says, if I mistake not, *Life is a Stage*.

Inch high the Grave above:—

Line 28. *Like Alps on Alps, &c.*] This and the following Line are taken from *Cambria*, where they seem to be the Effect, to use the Author's own Words, of a Regard too

A Land renown'd of old for noblest Deeds,

For which Reason every Mountain must be the highest in the World, as he says

*The Pyrenæans, Appenine, and Alps,
 With meaner Altitude invade the Skies,
 Than Cambrian Mountains—*

Now, it is not to be supposed that the Author has ever seen *Italy*, *France* or *Spain*; or that he has taken the Altitude of his own Country Hills with the Barometer—No,—Reader, there is a Figure in *Rhetoric* called the *Hyperbole*, by which a Man may assert what he knows nothing at all of, and tell as many

High as *Olympus*, lose in airy Height
 Their Heads ; as antient as the Pen of Time.
 There is a Cave fast by the House of Pray'r,
 Where *Hebetudo* dwells ; so low its Site,
 That it may merit well speluncal Name.
 Its vestibule that gulphy Influx near,
 Where the Colluvian Current pouring on,

30

35

INTERPRETATION.

But by the nearest Guess that's giv'n
 Within Hop, Step, and Jump of Heav'n ;
 Stand, lost in Clouds and Fogs and Rime,
 As antient as the Pen of Time.
 Now by this Church there is a Cellar,
 Where Goddess *Dullness* is the Dweller ;
 So very *low*, that it may well
 Deserve the Title of a Cell.
 Its Groundsil a Stone's Throw or more,
 From where the rushing *common Shore*

ANNOTATIONS.

many Lies as he pleases—It is by this Figure, Reader, that Mrs. *Midnight* has ornamented her Poem by this Simile from the above famous Writer, for it is impossible she should know so little as to imagine the *Alps*, &c. stand in the same Comparison below the *Welsh* Mountains as the common Parish Churches do to St. Paul's—*Margelina Scribelinda Macularia*.

Line 30. *As antient as the Pen of Time*] Endless have been the Disputes that Mrs. *Midnight* has had with some Critics, to which she has communicated this Design on this Pas-

sage—they assert that it is the first Time, *Time* ever was taken for an Author (as giving him a Pen seems to imitate he is) but that, on the contrary, they are a Set of People he has a mortal Aversion to; as they are Enemies to his Employment, by immortalizing those very Persons and Things he endeavours to erase—in answer to this, let them only see *Cambria*, Line 33. Book I. and be satisfied, from the Credit of that Author, of its Propriety; whose very Words she has borrow'd. *Margelina Scribelinda Macularia*.

Rushing

Rushing sonorous Falls the hoarse Cascade,
 Th' illucid Lapse adown, with Torrent thick
 Regurgling lutulent. The Cave within
 The torpid Wretch, by igneal Glimmer seen.

INTERPRETATION.

Runs bubbling down the muddy Place,
 Roaring with Dirt and Nastiness,
 Within this Cellar, scarce discern'd
 By Cinders into Embers burn'd,

ANNOTATIONS.

Line 37. *Th' illucid Lapse, &c.*] The Reader may observe how our Author has imitated the great Men of our own Day in five or six of the preceding Lines; in which she has not an *elegant* Word but belongs to some of them. Nay, she has even almost copied whole Lines from them, in particular, from *Cambria*; and the beautiful Expression of the *lucid Lapse*, from the *Excursion* of Mr. Mallet—I am somewhat surprized, however, that Mrs. *Midnight* could condescend to imitate, in so unpoetical a Line as

There is a Cave fast by this House of Pray'r,

a Writer of so little Credit in Point of Language as *Milton*; since it might have been modernized beautifully thus;

This Dome oratual near, a Cave exists.

but there is no Work, as Mr. *Pope* says, without some Blemish,

*Whoever thinks a faultless Piece to see
 Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er
 shall be.*

it is therefore excuseable if in a Poem, like this, so *crammed* with Beauties, there should be found *one* Fault.

Line 39. *The torpid Wretch*] The Reader, to taste the Beauty of this Picture, and come to a right Understanding of our Author, must turn to the Frontispiece of the *Old Woman's Magazine*, (a Work of which Notice has been taken in our Preface) where he will find the Pictures of *Dullness* and *Poverty* represented under the Characters of Mrs. *Mary Midnight* and her Confederate *Succubus Canidia*——See Front. to *Old Wom. Mag.* and Page 97. No. III.

With

With *Succubus Canidia*, by that Name 40
 If rightly she be call'd, fit hov'ring. So
 In culmiferous Fields or frondose Woods,
 With all their Opulence and native Worth,
 Th' Egyptian Tribe itinerant repose
 At prandial Noon, and dire mundungus Fume : 45

INTERPRETATION.

There hov'ring fits the *Humdrum* Wretch
 With *Canid*, call'd (if right) a Witch :
 As in Corn Fields, or leafy Woods,
 With all their Chattles and their Goods,
 The wandering Gypsies sit them down,
 And smoke their Dinner Pipe at Noon,

ANNOTATIONS.

Line 40. *By that Name, &c.*] It is a Matter of no little Dispute whether the Confederate of *Dullness* should be called *Succubus Canidia*—the *Christian* Name, signifying a Devil in the Shape of an old Woman, and the Surname being taken from that of a *Neapolitan Jezebel*, whom *Horace* calls a Witch—the Query is (since we know the Figure represented is *Poverty*) whether *Poverty* can be justly called a Witch? Some have asserted, yes; because Witches are always poor and old. But this is confuted by the learned and judicious Author of the *Spectator*, who says, that tho' Poverty and Age make Women suspected of being Witches, it is, nevertheless, no *Proof* of their being so. And as to *Shakespear's* representing his Witches in this Manner, every Body knows his poetical Genius, never confined himself to historical

Truth. It is, in fine, so abstruse and intricate a Point, that tho' I have consulted *Glanville*, *Moreton* and others, I must leave it to the Decision of abler Critics.

Line 42. *In culmiferous, &c.*] The Propriety of these Epithets are admirable, and particularly consonant to *Horace's* Rule—they seem to be borrow'd from *Cambria*, and are not a little a-kin to the Author of this Line

And tam'd the rough Ferocity of Men.

ROSCIAD.

here we see the Beauty of the latinized English, since it would else have been the rough Roughness, which would have been a very rough Expression indeed. *Martina Scribenda Macularia*,

So they the lov'd Nicotian masticate,
 Or thro' Shiptonian Syrinx it inhale,
 Fumifical : while in her better Hand
 The Goddess a Pyxidicule sustains,
 And Autographs and Schedals grace her Right.
 Her daily Lucubrations ! Thoughts prelaute !
 Thoughts which her meditative Owl inspires.

50

INTERPRETATION.

So they the dear Tobacco *Quid*,
 Or suck short Pipe, as *Shipton* did,
 While in the Goddess better Hand,
 A 'bacco Box is at Command ;
 And the waste Book of common Place,
 And written Sheets her left doth grace,
 Her daily Works of Candle Light,
 Works which her screech Owl doth indite :

ANNOTATIONS.

Line 48. [*In her better Hand.*] Doubtless many People will wonder why the *Left* Hand should be here expressed by the *better*, and will dispute why one Hand is better than the other, but Mrs. *Midnight* has not wrote this without a Precedent, the Reader will find this same Epithet in the *Rosciad*, Ver. 69, to specify the Right Hand, which she has here given to the Left ; admirably intimating that *Dullness* is Left-handed ; or in other Terms, unlucky. *Martina Scribelinda Macularia*.

Line 51. *Daily Lucubrations !*] The Reader will do well to consider, that as *Dullness* lives in a Cellar, it is no Wonder she burns Candle in the Day-Time---beside the Text

says they are Thoughts her Owl inspires : And who knows but her Owl may be in as bad a Situation as Mr. *Smart*, who wanted Light to see that it was dark, as a late Epigram intimates.---See *Kapelon*, No. 4. It is however, certain that all Authors have not the clearest Ideas of Day and Night---You will find in the *Rosciad* that at *Night*

— The *lunar* Queen
 Shines forth with Splendor round the
 dimmer *Day*.

Line 51. — [*Thoughts prelaute*] Doubtless the Critics, of a fine Ear for the Flow of Verse, will be as much offended at the disagreeable Sound (I might have said *Cacophony*)

For he, the Sodale of her studious Hours,
 Sung ululations ; contemplating deep.
 Bright Contemplation ! dignate of himself !
 Illustrious Son of *Hebetudo's* Race !

55

O all ye num'rous Tribe, who in her Cave
 Delight to dwell ; of you the Muse shall sing.
 The Verse as a Mnemosynum accept,
 And erst with poplicolal Hand repay.

60

INTERPRETATION.

For he, Companion of their Studies,
 Was us'd to hoot, to please the Goddess :
 In a brown Study always gone,
 Oh ever worthy *Dullness's* Son !
 O you, whoe'er delight to dwell
 Within the Threshold of her Cell ;
 Of you, the Muse her Song shall tell :

}

ANNOTATIONS.

cophony) of these two open Words coming together, as were the fine tympanum'd Gentry, in the Court of *Augustus*, against a certain Line in *Virgil* (which as I don't remember I must pass over) but Mrs. *Midnight* has in this shewn her Respect for the Modernizers of Poetry-----I will give you an Instance-----A certain Writer, who stands much on his Merit in this Point, has used often these two Words together, *natal Land*. Now there is a surprising Harshness in the two Els, and almost an Impossibility of pronouncing them both, without making a Stop between the Words---It is true, Mr. *Rowe*, with wonderful Sweetness, has used the Word *native* here

Here now is a softening Syllable to harmonize the Strength of the preceding and following ones-----but what of this ? *Native* is a vulgar Word, and every Consideration should be given up for an Epithet obsolete or uncommon, as the abovementioned Refiner of plain *English* has shewn us, such as,

Patriotic worth---*Treaty of Pacification*,

and numberless others---it must be owned---*Patriot worth* ---*Treaty of Peace*, would be equally expressive, and a thousand Times more elegant and beautiful ; but, as that would be a common Way of Speech, the Dignity of the Language would have been degraded.

More than myself I prize my native Land.

C

Within

Within this sacred Cave where *Hebes* dwells,
 In this her sluggish Pomp, her Sons attend;
 Each to the nodding Head and beck'ning Eye
 Obsequious. Chief, sapient *Bubo* first
 Stands pendent; in his mounted Carcer held
 Restrictive. Here he genders Thought on Thought,
 As 'tween his Nods meditabundate, Want
 And Hunger gaunt awake his bardate Soul.

65

INTERPRETATION.

Yet in Remembrance bear the Lay,
 And as the Time may serve repay.
 Within the Cell where *Dullness* Lives,
 Constant each Son attendance gives;
 Let her but nod or wink her Eyes,
Whip, Presto, in a Trice, he flies.
 Here, chief, her Owl, sedate and Sage,
Stands hanging, in his mounted Cage:
 While Thoughts succeed, in nodding Fits,
 As musing in the Dumps he sits,
 And Hunger jogs and wakes his Wits.

}

ANNOTATIONS.

Line 65. *Stood pendent.*] It is probable some of the witty Gentlemen, of the present Age, may laugh here, and accuse the Author of *Hibernianism*, and say it is only a mean Imitation of a Saying of the celebrated *Barnaby Rudge*, who told an Acquaintance, *he stood like a Man hanging in Chains*: But, with Submission to these facetious Critics, if

they reflect upon the Situation of a Bird perched in a hanging Cage, it is possible they may reconcile this Passage to *English*.

Line 67. *As 'tween her Nods.*] This is a true and lively Image of any Author who writes for Pay, whose Genius is never awake but when he is hungry.

Ah

Ah Miser those who fall in Dulness snare !
 More fatal hers than *Circe's* Charms of Yore,
 Which porcified *Ulysses* vagrant train !
 Say, Muse, how *Ebenezer*, by her Pow'r,
 From human Frame into bubonic Form
 Fell metamorphos'd (so *Ascalaphus*.
 Son *Acherontic* ! by rag'd *Proserpine*,
 Was verted hapless) once solertial Smart,

70

75

INTERPRETATION.

Unlucky those whom *Dulness* curses !
 Her charms more fatal are than *Circe's*,
 That made, of old, such horrid Work,
 And turn'd *Greek* Sailors into Pork !
 Say Muse, how, 'cause it hap'd to please her,
 From human Form poor *Ebenezer*
 (For some vile End which she had purpos'd)
 Into an Owl was metamorphos'd.
 As once was serv'd the tatling son,
Ascalaphus, of *Acheron*.

ANNOTATIONS.

Line 72. *How Ebenezer*] *Ebenezer Pentweazle*, of *Truro* in the County of *Cornwall*, Esq; a celebrated Epigrammatist.

Line 73. *Into bubonic Form.*] The Metamorphosis of *Pentweazle* into an Owl, is so admirably fancied, that I can't help preferring it to every thing I have met with in *Ovid*. The Similitude of an Author's being confined to Study in his, or his Bookseller's, Garret, for Means of Livelihood, is prodigiously similar to an Owl's perching on the Beam of a Barn, meditating on the Mice which she is

to have---if she can catch them.

Line 76. *Solertial, Smart.*] This Passage bears some Dispute; as it is questioned, by many, whether there should be a Comma between these two Words----Some assert the former to be an Adjective, and the last a Substantive, and suspect Mrs. *Midnight* of a Pun in Heroics; others will have the Comma stand, and assert they are both Adjectives. I have considered the Point very seriously, and, finding so many Reasons on both Sides, must leave it to the Decision of the *Grammarians*.

He laugh'd and fung ; e'er yet *Canidia* curst,
 Her macerated Corps in Sacell laid ;
 Where, in the Form of *Vacuum*, she dwelt,
 And banish'd ev'ry *Golden, Rhyming* Thought.
 Just then, in fatal Hour grave *Hebes* woke,
 And in her leaden Hand a Crustule bore :

80

INTERPRETATION.

Late witty, *Smart*, he laugh'd and fung ;
 E'er curst *Canidia* on him hung,
 Who, meagre, in his Pocket crept
 And there in form of nothing slept ;
 Whence ev'ry golden Cross she banish'd,
 And ev'n the Sound of Chinking vanish'd.
 Then *Dullness* shew'd, in Hour accurs'd,
 Within her leaden Hand a Crust ;

ANNOTATIONS.

Line 79. *Where in the Form of Vacuum.*] It is likely many of our Brother Authors, especially those of the mathematical and philosophical Turn, will very learnedly and wittily ask in what Form is the Form of nothing ; however, I must confess, for my own Part, that I think Mrs. *Midnight* goes, in this Place, as infinitely beyond herself as all other Authors have fallen short of her—this is a very bold and daring Expression, and is beyond Criticism itself ; and whether the Writers of the present Day will allow the Beauty and Justice of this Passage or not ; they have, undoubtedly, often experienced it : So that, I think, their Disputes of the Existence of a Vacuum in the Universe, would be better supplied by a Study to destroy the Vacuum.

they find in their Pockets.

Line 80. *Golden, rhyming Thought.*] Notwithstanding *Tom Brown* has written a long and learned Dissertation, in Praise of Poverty, and Mr. *Moore* an admirable Fable to prove that *Want* is the greatest Help to Genius ; yet there are few, even Poets, I believe, but think the jingling of one Guinea against another, infinitely better Rhime than *Pope*, *Gay* or *Moore* ever wrote in their Lives, and would approve a Bank Note of an hundred Pounds, as the best Prose they ever read. Nay, I believe, with a little Persuasion, Mr. *R--t* himself would be brought to accept it, notwithstanding there should be no hard Word in it.

Charm

Charm more coercive to th' inedial *Gout*,
 Then noctial Incantation of an Hag,
 Than orient Tal'sman or mysterious Cast. 85
 By learn'd *Genethliac* made. Ah ! luckless ! Ah !
 He took and eat ; and from that Moment sunk
 Mancipial Immolation to her Will.
 And now, whene'er the Coenal Hour is nigh,
 Behold her potent Wand, her Paxil, waves 90
 And he, in Cell sublime, a Bird of Night,
 Screams hideous, or, in Dormitation mounts
 Aquiline Wings, and in Etherial Space
 Builds castral Edifices : Or he's pent,

I N T E R P R E T A T I O N.

More pow'rful o'er the hungry Stomach
 Than nightly Charm the Witches do make ?
 Then eastern Tal'sman or strange Scrawls
 On the learn'd Fortune-teller's Walls !
 He took and eat — Lord bless my Eyes !
 And fell her slavish Sacrifice.
 And now, whene'er he wants a Supper,
 She waves her pow'rful 'Bacco-stopper,
 And he, aloft, a screech Owl, screams !
 Or gets into his tantrum Dreams ;
 Fancies himself an Eagle there,
 And raises Castles in the Air ;

In Shape Mustelar, to the Goddess' Use
 Subservient ; or, perverted into Form
 Anicular, he verrates coenal Trash.
 With miscellaneous Art ; cracks kernell'd Nuts

INTERPRETATION.

Or else, into a *Weazel Pent*,
 He serves the Goddess's intent.
 Or else, in an old Woman seen,
 Sweeps Rubbish for a *Magazine*.

ANNOTATIONS.

Line 94. *Or he's pent.*

Line 95. *In Shape mustelar.*] This is the second Time, in this Work, where a Pun may be suspected---in the former Passage, I forbore to give my Judgment; but here, I must own, the Words point immediately to the Name *Pentweazle*; yet is not this Passage to be degraded, since it is only introducing a new and bold Figure called the *Al-lusuncula*, which I would recommend to all the Refiners of Language whatever. *Margelina Scribelinda Macularia*.

Line 98. *Cracks kernell'd Nuts*] Some of our Readers may perhaps imagine here are meant Nuts with Kernels in them---to free them from that Mistake, I beg Leave to assure them that Mrs. *Midnight* means Nuts without Kernels; as is expressed in the Interpretation: To come at the true and full Meaning of the Text, it is necessary we subjoin the following Advertisement given out by the fictitious, &c. To make you all merry at *Christmas*, and to open the New Year with Pleasure and satisfaction, my Publisher

will exhibit on the 26th of this Instant, to all who are pleased to purchase the same, A most admirable, learned, and judicious Work intitled,

The NUT-CRACKER. Containing an agreeable Variety of well-seasoned Jest, Epigrams, Epitaphs, &c. collected from the most *Sprightly Wits* of the present Age. Together with such Instructions as will enable any Man to tell a Story with a good Grace, and crack a Nut without losing the Kernel. With other Particulars equally useful and entertaining, and for which the gentle, kind, and courteous Reader, will be pleased to look into the Book itself. Published with the Approbation of the Learned in all Faculties, by *Ferdinando Foot*, Esq;

Now, Reader, these Nuts, here so bragged of, have been cracked before by *Joe Miller*, and the whole Tribe of Nut-crackers, who have been wise enough to secure the Kernels.

Or

Or mumbles Grace twice o'er; and grinning shews
His toothless Gums. Ah void of Pow'r to hurt! 100

Next him, as next in Erudition taught,
From *Oxon's* fam'd Gymnasial lo! he comes;
For whom, on *Isis'* Banks, first sounding Fame
The *Student's* Honour circumclangor'd wide
With Buccination: metamorphos'd now, 105

INTERPRETATION.

Cracks Nuts that have been crack'd before,
Or, toothless, mumbles Grace twice o'er.
Next him, who next in Point of Knowledge is,
Brought up in one of *Oxon's* Colleges,
For whom, on *Isis'* Banks the Strumpet
Fame sounded *Student* thro' her Trumpet,
Now turn'd into a *Jack-daw* chatters.
Or in the *Jakes* of *Genius* spatters;

ANNOTATIONS.

Line 99. *Or mumbles Grace 'twice o'er*] The Reader will find the same Preface to the above *Nut-cracker* as to the *Old Woman's Magazine*: A Sign their own Wit is not very plenty.

Line 99. *And grinning Shews*] Mrs. *Midnight* here seems to point at some late Advertisements, put out in her Name; by the fictitious Attempters to her Humour and Genius; which, as they are remarkable Instances of the Confidence of these People, we shall give an Instance or two.

ADVERTISEMENT.

WHEREAS several egregious Ideots have been flinging Dirt at Mrs. *Midnight* and her Works. The Publick is desired to take No-

tice, that there is now in the Press, and speedily will be published, the *Old Woman's Dunciad* with Notes.

THE Gentleman who sent five Guineas to be excused a Place, or, in other Words, to be left out of my *Dunciad*, is desired to call at my Publisher's and receive his Money; for, upon Enquiry, he appears to be such an egregious Blockhead, and is in all Respects so fit for Celebration, and so worthy of publick Notice, that I can't prevail on myself to omit any Character which will afford my Friends such high Entertainment.

The Reader is here desired to recollect, or turn back to the Preface.

Behold

Behold him into a *Monedule* turn'd,
 Rostrate th' ingenial *Cloac* : Labour vile !
 Or, in Theristral, femininely clad,
 Assist the Trump of Fame debilitate
 With Garrulations ; while sage *Bubo* dreams
 Of Domes Chimæric ; Domes too dearly bought !
 For here no stipend Earth, nor Art piles up
 The sculptur'd Stone, nor glow enflaming Kilns.

110

INTERPRETATION.

Or, drest in Female Petticoat,
 Helps Fame to sound a louder Note ;
 While the wise screech Owl, in *Chimæra*,
 Builds mighty Castles ; bought too dear, Ah !
 For here no Ground-Rent is requir'd,
 Nor Carvers Work to be admir'd,
 Nor Glow the Brick-kilns piping hot,
 To bake the Clay trod under foot :
 And yet by this his Dinner's got.

}

ANNOTATIONS.

Line 106. *Into a Monedule turn'd*] Whoever has the Honour of knowing this learned and ingenious Gentleman will see a great deal of Propriety in his being converted to a Jack-daw ; as his natural Gift of chattering might probably inspire Dullness with that Intention. We are, however, sorry this Misfortune should happen to him before the finishing of the Tragedy he is engaged in as a Work of Nature requires undoubtedly a great deal of Solidity.

Line 107. *Rostrate th' ingenial Cloac*] This is admirably natural, and peculiarly adapted to the Nature of a Jackdaw, who is

pecking among all the Filth and Rubbish he comes near.

Line 111. *Domes too dearly bought!*] The Gentleman, who is the Owner of these Castles, and employs this mighty Builder, complains very much of the Charges he is at in erecting them. *Margelina*, &c.

Line 112, &c.]

— Where Art ne'er pil'd
 The sculptur'd Stone, nor glow'd enflam-
 ing Kilns

To dense the conculcated Clay.

CAMBRIA.

To

To dense the conculated Clay ; and yet
For this, he shares the Cibals of the Day.

115

The next Inhabitant of *Hebes* Cave !

Third fav'rite Son ! *Frigidio* calls my Song,

Whose worth thro' Fame's loud retrovent respire.

Behold, with gloomy Brow, contracted Frown,

In hypocondriac cephalalgic vext,

120

He sits contristate ; manducating Thoughts

INTERPRETATION.

Next Dullness' third and fav'rite Son,

Frigidio, bids the Verse go on.

Frigidio fam'd, whose great Renown

Fame loudly, farts about the Town.

See, down i' th' Mouth, with Brow contracted,

With Head-ach and the Hip-distracted,

He sits i' th' Dumps ; so ruminating

As thoughtless Cows do when they're eating.

ANNOTATIONS.

Line 117. *Frigidio calls my Song.*] A Personage who needs no Celebration from any other Pen than his own.

Line 118. *Fame's loud retrovert.*] Many of our Readers will perhaps think this Sentiment rather ludicrous than momentary ; but it is seldom, very seldom that our Author writes without a Meaning, though it is possible an ordinary Genius may be at a Loss to find it out. I presume, by *Fame's* proclaiming the Name of this Gentleman backwards, is

intended the Pains and Trouble he himself takes to tell People he is a great Man, which is undoubtedly the reverse Way to Fame.

Line 121. *Manducating Thoughts.*] Here is not a little Beauty in this Expression, which it is probable the Reader, of little Penetration, will suffer to escape him——*chewing Thoughts*—intimating hereby that this Author chews his Sentiments so long that they come from him, with all the Sweetness sucked out of them like dried Sticks.

D

In

In vaccal Ruminatation ; for alas !
 Pollution braccial, *oviparous* Care
 Him deep affects. O say, celestial Muse,
 From what fell Cause this cacatural Woe
 Her darling Child befell. So will'd the Fates,
 That in accursed Hour, on vile Intent.
Smack'em, a hostile and mischievous Wight,
 Enter'd this Cavern of *cimmerian* Gloom,

125

INTERPRETATION.

For ah ! and oh ! in filthy Breeches,
 An Egg ; fresh laid, his Bum bewitches.
 For what, O heav'nly Muse ! pray tell,
 This shitten Curse her Child befell.
 So luck would have't, in evil Hour,
Smack'em, a wicked Son of a Whore,
 Enter'd the darksome Cave, and told 'em,
 He'd make the House too hot to hold 'em.

ANNOTATIONS.

Line 122. *In vaccal Ruminatation.*] Here seems to be a very extraordinary Meaning couched under the Epithet *vaccal*—*ruminat. ing like a Cow*.—It is a Question well worthy the Study and Decision of our candid Disputants and free Enquirers in what Manner Cows may be said to ruminate ; or how far those Ideas may comprehend ; or whether they are in a Capacity of entertaining complex or only simple Ideas—for my own Part, as I never imagined a Cow, chewing the Cud, a Picture of Reflection, so I never gave myself the Trouble to ask any one what she was thinking of. I imagine our Author,

Mrs. Midnight, is indebted for this Thought to a late Work, where is this Passage.

Stretch'd in the Clover Ditch, faint-lowing Herds
Couch ruminant.

You see, from hence, that the Sentiment is however a very good one: But perhaps this Gentleman, as well as *Mrs. Midnight*, might be acquainted with some Cow of *Genius*, and therefore have done this Honour to their Species.

Line 129. *Smack'em, &c.*] The Reader will

And, with Combustion dire, he mouthed out 130
 Verbose, stentorian Execrations, big
 With Fate portentous and terrific Wrath.
Frigidio shiver'd with gelatic Fear ;
 And thro' th' intestine Cavern Murmurs roar'd.
 Direful Presage of some descending Ill ! 135
 Which now to fly (but who from Fate can fly ?)

INTERPRETATION.

Roar'd, curst and swore, and play'd the Devil,
 Still threatn'ing some approaching Evil.
 Just then *Frigidio's* Blood ran cold,
 And down his Guts loud Grumbles roll'd,
 That some descending Evil spoke,
 Which now (but who can help ill Luck !)

ANNOTATIONS.

will be better acquainted with this celebrated Personage by perusing the following Advertisement.

The MAGAZINES blown up ; or they are all in the *Suds*. Being a full, true, and particular Account of the apprehending, seizing and taking of the notified *Pentwazle*, an *Oxford* Scholar, in the Shape of an *Old Woman*: With his Examination before the right worshipful Justice *Banter*, and his Commitment to the *New Prison*. Together with an Account of his Impeachment of divers others, who were concerned in many late barbarous Attempts on the Senses of his Majesty's liege Subjects.—With a right and true List of all their Names, who were taken, last Night, at a House of ill Fame near *St. Paul's*.—With

their whole Examination and Commitment by the said Gentleman. To which is added, a Key to the *Back-Door*. The whole done in plain *English*, by *Whacum Smack'em*, the greatest Satirist now living ;

*Who can deep Mysteries unriddle,
 As easily as thread a Needle.*

HUDIBRAS.

at so small and easy a Charge as Three-Pence.

Line 131. *Verbose Stentorian, &c.*] Taken from the *Rosciad*,

*Confus'd, Stentorian Execrations big
 With Fate portentous and terrific Wrath.*

He festinates precipitate : but lo !
 The Lafanon's no more. Fate inbenign !
 In Deflagration blazing ! see it sink
 In Cinefaction. Dire Amazement ! ah !
 His Fears irrupt deorfate ; while alas !
 Distain'd, he sends Effluvias baleful round :
 As when the Son of Excrement and Night,
 High on his merdose Vehicle uprear'd,
 Attaints the Breeze nocturnal : violent,

140

145

I N T E R P R E T A T I O N .

He runs t'avoid. But ah ! undone !
 He finds the Close-stool Refuge gone.
 Amid the Fire behold it blazing,
 To Cinders burnt. Ah ! most amazing !
 Now all his Fears behind burst out,
 And he besmear'd, stinks all about :
 As when *Tom Turdman*, on his Cart,
 Poisons the Night with filthy Art ;

A N N O T A T I O N S .

Line 138. *The Lafanon's no more.*] The Reader will easily comprehend this Passage, by turning to the Frontispieces of the *Old Woman's Magazine* and the *Magazines blown up*, in the first of which the *Fakes of Genius* is placed near the Goddess *Dullness*, and in the last it is blazing on the Fire.

Line 140. *Dire Amazement ! ah !*] Nothing can add more to the Dignity of Verse than the frequent Use of the *Ecphrasis* or Exclamation—it being a Privilege peculiar to

Poetry, which renders ordinary Affairs, or those of no Consequence at all, Matters of the greatest Moment. Thus, a modern Author, introducing a Sentiment as common as that of *one Day passeth away, and another cometh*, beautifully exclaims,

——— Dire Amazement ! ah !
 Is that small Mart, is *Newport* all the Spoil
 Of glorious *Isca* ?

At

At first the antiaromatic strikes
 The Nose inflating : till by slow Degrees
 The ambient Air itself edulcorates,
 And in *Euthanasy* the Stench decays.

O fam'd *Carnan*, thou Prototype of *Curl*,
 Be this thy Fate : the superfluent Pan
 T' evacuate, or with thy Hands immers'd

150

INTERPRETATION.

At first we find the spicy Scent
 Perfumes the Nostrils violent ;
 Till the Air cleansing by Degrees,
 The gently dying Stink decays.
 Thou Type of *Curl* ! O fam'd *Carnan* !
 Be thou the Safeguard of the Pan,
 If any future Force attempt it ;
 And when 'tis full, take care to empt it,
 Or dip thy Fingers in the Flood,
 And paint and gild with native Mud.

ANNOTATIONS.

Line 149. *And in Euthanasy the Stench decays.*] In the *Rosciad*, the Author, describing the Decrease of the Wind, says

And in Euthanasy the Breeze decays.

It may here be observed how far the Poets of the present Day exceed, in point of Stile, all that ever went before them ; and how ignorant, in the true Beauties of Expression, were the most celebrated Critics of Yesterday— Says Mr. Pope,

Words are like Leaves, and where they most abound,

Much Fruit of Sense beneath is rarely found.
 Again,

*Such labour'd Nothings in so strange a Stile,
 Amaze th' unlearn'd, and make the learned smile.*

And again he says,

*'Tis not enough, no Harshness gives Offence,
 The Sound must seem an Echo to the Sense.*

Now how foreign is the Sound of the Word *Euthanasy* to its Meaning, a gentle dying— And yet the Beauty and Propriety of this Word, as it derives from the Greek, is beyond all Doubt. *Margelina Scribelinda Macularia.*

Line 150. *O fam'd Carnan.*] *T. Carnan* not the true and genuine *Theophilus Carnan*, Mrs. *Midnight's* only Bookseller.

In.

In the luted Flood, to pict or gild
 Thy rubrick Post ; till like horreal Valve
 It beam refulgent.
 But hark ! what Clamours strike the Tympanum

155

INTERPRETATION.

Until thy rubrick Post, so fine,
 Shall like a shitten Barn-door shine.
 But hark ! what Noise is this I hear ?
 What else remains that's Worth my Care ?

ANNOTATIONS.

Line 155. *It beam refulgent*] Notwithstanding the numerous Excellencies already exemplified in this Poem, I cannot help preferring this Passage to any other—Here, Reader, is the Elegance and the Art of a Poet ; to make a Sentiment which is, in itself, mean and despicable equal to the most refined and sublime—Here is a Specimen of true Wit,

—*Nature to Advantage drest,
 What oft' was thought but ne'er so well express'd,*

I imagine Mrs. *Midnight* has given this, as an Instance of that Power and Beauty of Language she is Mistress of ; which may not only serve to enlighten all who may write hereafter ; but may also convince them of the Ignorance of the best of our Predecessors in this Point—says Mr. *Pope*,

A vile Conceit, in pompous Words exprest,
 Is like a Clown in regal Purple drest.

An undeniable Proof of the injudicious Taste of this Author, in so material a Point !—and how widely does he mistake the Truth

of the Matter, in saying,

—*True Expression, like th' unchanging Sun,
 Clears and improves what'er it shines upon,
 It gilds all Objects, but it alters none.* }

Now, who does not see in the above Passage in the Text, that the Sentiment is so alter'd, that it is scarce discern'd to be the same. Who would imagine that, like *Horreal Valve*.

It beam refulgent. Signified no more than it shines like a shitten Barn Door : Or, as the Reader may recollect several of the preceding Passages, that

—*Nor glow inflaming Kilns
 To dence the CONCULCATED Clay*

Intimated nothing else than

*Nor glow the Brick-kilns piping hot
 To bake the Clay TROD UNDER FOOT.*

To enumerate these Remarks would here be needless as this whole Work may be said to be one continual Beauty of this Kind. *Margelina Scribelinda Macularia.*

Auricular

Auricular ! Remains there ought as yet
 Amid this Cave within the Muses' lore !
 A calamarian Crowd in Limbo lo !
 Like the fam'd *Naiads*, rage, with curved Arm,
 In monomachial War, and cruel Strife.
 Those, chiefly, who by *Smack'em's* potent Hand
 Late fell inglorious. *Dunciadus*, thou
 Thou *Entity*, of universal Fame,

160

INTERPRETATION.

A Crowd of Scribblers yon, in Limbo,
 Like Oyster-Nymphs, with Arms a-kimbo,
 Lunge with sharp-pointed Pens, as cruel
 As pale-fac'd Beaux do in a Duel.
 Those chiefly who of late, notorious
 Knock'd under *Smack'em's* Arm inglorious.
Dunciadus, *Entity*, whose Name is
 So universal, and so famous

ANNOTATIONS.

Line 160. *Like the fam'd Naiads*] See *Fielding's Tom Jones*, where he compares the Oyster-Wenches to the Naiads. An Instance (as well as Mrs. *Midnight's*) of *fine Writing*.

Line 161. *In monomachial War*] Our Author seems here to have an Eye to a Passage in the *Kapelion*--See *Archimagirus's* Address to his Customers; where he challenges his Brother Scribblers to fight them, *Pen, Ink, and Paper*, upon any Spot of Ground in *England*, and sends them the Length of his

Quills and the Price of his Paper, to shew he scorns to engage them at unequal Weapons.

Line 163.---*Dunciadus thou*] The Reader, for an Information concerning this Character, may turn to the *Magazines blown up*—*Whimsy Banter* says there, *his Bookseller's Sign is his Emblem, and that he is the Pack-horse of Authors*. Another Evidence says, *he is a Beast of Prey, and loves Carrion and bad Meat*.

Thou

Thou greatest Crocodile, and greater yet
 Illustrious *Woodville*! Ha! what do I see?
 Our eastern *Bramin* raise his virile Hoar
 Most venerable, with each motley Scribe
 Magirist, Student, Disputant, what not?

INTERPRETATION.

Thou *Crocodile* by Name and Nature,
 The greatest, and thou *Woodville* greater.
 But who the Duce! *marry and Amen*!
 Our Eastern venerable *Bramin*!
 Old Father grey Beard's whiten'd Locks
 'Mong *Students*, Disputants, and Cooks.

ANNOTATIONS.

Line 165. *Thou greatest Crocodile and greater yet.*] A particular Description of all these Characters may be found in the above mentioned Pamphlet—Doubtless the Critics will here fall foul upon Mrs. *Midnight*, and desire to know if *Crocodile* is *greatest*, how *Woodville* can be *greater*—but sure, Gentlemen, it is impossible but you must have heard of the new Degree of Comparison, founded on a bold Figure in Rhetorick and called the *super-superlative*.—It is by this, that the celebrated Author of the *ACTOR* says that the *Tragic* Player requires fire in the *greatest* Degree, but the *Comic* Player in a much *greater*. *Margelina Scribelinda Macularia*.

Line 167. *Our eastern BRAMIN*]—It is presum'd no Body is ignorant of the celebrated Author of the *Oeconomy of Human Life*, whose Name, coming from so great a Distance, has made the World not a little

suspicious of an Imposture—The contest here pointed at, is that between the original *Bramin* and the Authors of *second Parts*, *Suppliments*, &c. which Gentlemen are a Set of Writers, who, rather than go without a Dinner at all, are contented to take up with the Victuals half cold, after others have made a Meal, yet boast much of their Dining at the same Table.—It is, however, to be disputed which has the most Right to the Name of a Professor of Virtue and Philosophy, the *Bramin* of *Grubstreet* or the *Bramin* of *Pal-Mall*.

Line 169. *Magirist, Student, &c.*]—By the former of these is meant, *Archimagirus Metaphoricus*, Author of the *Kapelion*, a Work that requires no Celebration. By the *Student*, is hinted the Author of a *Six-penny* Pamphlet, under that Name, published Monthly by the Assistance and Approbation of

Muse shut the Scene, the Soul enslaving Scene
Or *Hebetudo*'s potent Wand will make
Ev'n me to nod.

170

Now is that Work compleat, that mighty Work,
Which dignate in insculptur'd Brass to shine,
Or macrocolum typ'd, so long shall live
As the didascal Sage the virgult Shakes
In Vapulations Let no Cenfor then
Deem this a Song of Folly, or austere,

175

INTERPRETATION.

Muse shut the Scene. and drop the Curtain,
Or, even, I shall sleep for certain.
Now is that mighty Work compleat,
That should, on Brass, be 'graven neat
Or printed on the Royal Sheet:
Where lasting Worth shall be admir'd
Till Masters are with Flogging tir'd,
Then let no snarling Critic dream
A Trump'ry-Ballad is my Theme,

}

ANNOTATIONS.

of the two famous *Universities* OXFORD and CAMBRIDGE. A surprizing and wonderful Example of the vast and extensive Productions of those two great Seminaries! both of which, we are told, are employed in the composing of this PAMPHLET of important Articles. What then may not the World expect from their joint Assistance in so great a Work?

Line 172. *Ev'n me to nod.*—The Hermisties in this Poem I cannot help imputing to a wilful Neglect, which, however, would be unpardonable in a Work of less Merit

E

than this *Dunciad*, *Virgil's Æneids* and some others of equal Worth in this Day.

Line 173. *Now is that Work, &c.* Mrs. *Midnight* has clos'd this Poem with as much Confidence and as justly as the celebrated *Ovid*; whose Words are,

*Jam opus exegi quod nec jovis ira, nec ignis,
Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas*

The following Lines to the End are borrow'd from the most modest Writer of the present Age:

Call

Call it a *Cacosyntheton*, or me
 Stygmazize, with *Hyberbation* Name.
 But if fond Regard for modern Verse,
 Deserve *Exsibilation*, or the Frown
 Of quaint Derision. If 'tis so let loose,
 The Storm of *Momus*, I can bear it all.

INTERPRETATION.

Or call (because they think they're wise)
 This *Fustian*; me, a *Fustianizer*;
 But if a Love for modern Verse
 Deserve th' unluky Play'rs Curse;
 Or to be laugh'd at be its Merit.
 Laugh and be pox'd, for I can bear it.

F I N I S

